Duke. Bring forth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubburne miſcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
Weele teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imployments I was ſent to you,
You ſhould doe ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace and perſon of my maiſter,
Stopping his meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the ſtockes? as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſelfe ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeake of, come bring away the ſtockes?

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to doe ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his maiſter
VVill check him for't, your purpoſt low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with,
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, aſſalted
For following her affaires, put in his legges,
Come my good Lord away?

Gloſt. I am ſory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
VVhoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
VVill not be rubd nor ſtopt, ile intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you doe not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild
Sometime I ſhal ſleepe out, the reſt ile whiſtle, (hard,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Kent. Good King that muſt approue the cõmon ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt

To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnd
That by thy comfortable beames
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt
But miſerie, I know tis from *Cord*
VVho hath moſt fortunately bin i
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall
From this enormious ſtate, ſeekin
Loſſes their remedies, all wearie a
Take vantage heauie eyes not to b
This ſhamefull lodging, Fortune
Smile, once more turne thy whee

Enter Ed

Edg. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'
And by the happie hollow of a tre
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, n
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vi
Doſt not attend my taking while
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am b
To take the baſeſt and moſt poore
That euer penury in contempt of
Brought neare to beaſt, my face i
Blanket my loynes, elſe all my ha
And with preſented nakednes ou
The wind, and perſecution of the
The Countrie giues me proofe an
Of Bedlam beggers, who with ro
Strike in their numb'd and morti
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, ſp
And with this horrible obiect fr
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-co
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſ
Enforce their charitie, poore *Tur*
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I no

Enter

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſh
And not ſend backe my meſſenge

Knight. As I learn'd, the night

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)